

My Words For You To Keep by Freckles_and_glasses

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Alternate Universe - Soulmates, Billy's struggles become a little more bareable with his soulmate tho, Explicit Language, Implied/Referenced Homophobia, M/M, Minor Character(s), Nancy/Jonathon implied, Soulmates, Steve and Jonathon are friends, Steve and Nancy are friends, Steve struggles with Billy's lack of communication and Billy just struggles

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Summary:

Steve Harrington goes to Hawkins High School, he has wonderful friends and family, what could go wrong? Oh yeah, he also has a soulmate. A soulmate who likes to say 'fuck' alot.

My Words For You To Keep

Author's Note:

Soulmate AU: You can choose to either send thoughts to your soulmate, which will appear somewhere on their body, or write a message by hand on the body part you communicate through, both will appear to the other soulmate.

'fuuuuuck all this shit to helllllll'

Steve tries to non-chalantly pull his sleeve down to cover the swearing on his forearm.

He's been wearing long sleeves everywhere lately, even gym, due to his soulmate's sailor mouth.

Steve's soulmate has been swearing since he were 9 years old. Said soulmate also started swearing in every sentence since he were 15. They are both 18 now.

Steve's soulmate also hasn't told Steve his name or gender. Just that *'ya whatever my name starts with a b' 'happy, you annoying lil shit?'*

B likes using "pet" names.

'You've been having tough days all week' Steve thinks back. Steve usually prefers to hand write his messages but - gym class.

Steve dodges a dogeball and runs to get another ball.

'Nice observation Sher-fucking-lock' But Steve doesn't see this until later.

"How poetic." Jonathon Byers chuckles dryly, before sitting down across Steve at the lunch table.

Steve's eyebrows furrow in confusion for a moment before looking

down at his arm.

'Cock cock cock cock cock cock'

Steve just sighs. "B is more...concrete than abstract."

"You can say that again." Nancy says sitting down too.

"Just because B doesn't recite your Shakespeare crap, doesn't mean they're not nice too." Steve says before scooping food in his mouth. Then he feels a familiar tingle and drops his spoon.

He rolls his sleeve back up and sees what he just said on his forearm before it disappears, to appear on his soulmate.

"Dammit!" Steve exclaims, this too appears on his forearm, transmitting back to his soulmate.

'Nice u think that' is written in a small messy scrawl.

Steve reddens a bit. B rarely writes his message. Says he's *too lazy for that shit*.

Steve doesn't try to explain that he's still having trouble distinguishing his thoughts and what he wants B to see, because B already says that about five times a month, about himself. They're the same.

'Who names their kid Steve'

Steve rolls his eyes. It's 1 am. *'Plenty of people' 'Stop asking'*

'Do I say dumb shit when I'm drunk?'

'Yes I love it'

'Then you're in for a show'

'Why not just sleep'

'Not good enough'

'Alright Stay safe alright' Steve lays back down before thinking to his soulmate *'I would like to meet you before you get liver cancer'*

'I would like to meet you'

Steve sleeps with a small smile on his face.

"Ahm!" Steve looks up from his homework. His dad just got home from work and his giving him a look.

Steve follows his gaze down to his arm *'Are you ignoring me shithead?'*

"Sorry." Steve applogizes to his dad for some reason.

Steve grabs his pen and writes, *'Homework. Ignoring you just a little '*

'I'm getting fucking fucked over man. My dad doesn't get it. The fucking ass.'

Yes. Steve has been the opposite of B. Steve's given his name, gender, address, birthday, hair styling tips.

'Fuck that'

B told him to tell him that once. B had been revealing some troubling things about his family and Steve wasn't sure what to say or how to help, so B said *'sometimes i need a good fuck that, you can say that if you want'*

'Exactly'

'Wanna tell me what's happening this time?'

'I move more than a ocean fucking wave man'

A few days later, Steve sat in his car with Nancy beside him and Jonathon behind her.

"Only until Byers's car is fixed - " Steve runs a hand over his face.

"I'm not driving you two weirdos around everywhere. That car better be fixed like - like that."

Steve snaps his fingers.

Nancy chuckles and grabs her books in her arms. Jonathon blushed and pat Steve's shoulder appreciatively.

Suddenly, there was rumbling. A lovely purr of a car engine.

The car is beautiful and if it had a mind of its own, it probably wouldn't allow a lesser attractive driver in.

A guy steps out and he's gorgeous. Flowing light brown hair, almost blond. Jean clothing and cigarette between his lips.

Steve doesn't seem to notice the door on the other side of the car open and release a young orange haired girl too. Especially not when Steve feels the tingle again and his gaze shoots down to his arm.

'Hot'

Steve's face burns.

"Smooth." Jonathon snickers.

'I am hot' B replies

'No one asked you to be quiet'

'Some hottie got your flustered? Ha'

The day passes by very quickly, Steve thinks he has about three classes with the new guy but loses track, especially when B's bombarding him with his boredom and frustration. B won't tell Steve anything - naturally. Won't tell him where he's moved, how he's doing, if he's okay.

Steve pokes at his food all lunch. In his peripheral, Jonathon and Nancy are using their skin to talk to each other, their messages flashing on the palm of their hands like a light show.

"Having a soulmate is boring anyway." Steve says aloud.

"Told you he could see us." Jonathon mutters.

"Are you giving up again Steve?" Nancy asks sadly, turning to him.

"Yeah. Shit. Like always."

"That's not that I meant."

"Is it even cool?" Steve grumbles, "to be with your soulmate? One that communicates with you at least?"

Nancy and Jonathon exchange a glance and decide not to say anything, no point in making him feel worse, he'll need to tough out this storm.

Steve feels heavy all day. He hasn't been checking his arm either. He's sure B doesn't care or hasn't noticed.

Steve gets home and showers. Showers for a whole hour.

Steve moves like a slug. It takes him 30 minutes to get dressed. 40 minutes to make food. 5 minutes to walk from the kitchen to the dining room.

Steve falls asleep on the dining room table. With three words on his arm that disappears about 6 hours later, unseen to Steve's eyes, '*Good night mate*'

At school tomorrow, things almost seem normal until Steve can't get to class. Physically. It seems like half the school is blocking the hallways.

Steve tries pushing past some people. He stops behind a group of girls. He runs a hand over his face and then feels a tap on his shoulder.

"I heard it's graffiti." Jonathon tells him when he turns.

"Graffiti does this?" Steve looks around expectantly.

Eventually, most of the students are forced out of the halls and Steve's whole first period class is still waiting to be let inside.

Steve gets a glimpse at what's inside the room through the window at the door.

The principal, the vice principals and custodians are working hard, and fighting about it, to get what seems like 40 repetitions of **COCK** written all over the board in a permanent marker or spray.

Steve's chest pains for a second, when he thinks he can recognize the legs of the letter K.

'Can we feel eachothers emotions?'

'Dont think so'

'Bc i feel great but i feel like you feel like shit'

'Youre either cocky, psychic, or its real'

There was about five minutes of first period left when the room was cleared to be open - to which the principal had just thrown a few towels over the chalk board.

Steve hears a "if anyone has any idea as to what happened and who did this, please come forward or come to me after class or talk to the office because this is a serious offense-" before he stares out the window, and feels a tingle against his arm, and he already knows it says a upper case K, with an exaggerated lower leg.

Second period, Steve updates Jonathon about the K. The special K.

"Special K..." Jonathon chuckles. Steve gives him a look before he can make a cereal joke.

Third period, Steve updates Nancy about the K.

"Cock K." Nancy chuckles.

Steve rolls his eyes lightly, "Yes, yes, very funny. You and Jonathon are hilarious."

"Kay kay kay kay kay kayyy." Sing Nancy and Jonathon at lunch, approaching Steve and their table.

"Oh shut up." Steve groans, a hand falling on his face again.

"So what's your plan?" Nancy asks Steve.

"Plan?" Jonathon questions

"Steve always has plans."

"I'm - " Steve interrupts. "I'm gunna catch him."

"You're sure he's a dude right?" Jonathon asks.

Steve nods. "I mean, I think."

"How are you going to catch him?"

It's 10 minutes after the bell.

Steve sits on top of the desk in the very back of the english classroom. The class he has every day, first period.

He jingles, catches, and jingles again the keys in his hands that a custodian let him borrow, "*i left my books in the room, can i quickly go grab them?*", he waits.

Steve's eyes stay locked in the direction of the door.

He waits.

His arm tingles as the word '*Waits*' is sent off.

Steve thinks back to earlier, after he's devised the plan and after he's shaking with nerves -

'What was that K for' B asks

'Its how you write your K's'

'?'

'B'

'Amigo'

Steve takes a few minutes to say something. *'Are you close to me'*

'Maybe I am' 'Princess'

The door knob is turned.

Steve doesn't want to blink.

In walks in, *the new kid*.

And then it makes sense.

B was upset this week because his dad was making him move.

To Hawkins.

B stares at Steve. His eyes hard. Lips tight (nervous). Breathing steady.

Steve doesn't want to look away because this could be real. And Steve wants more than anything for this to be real. To meet B. To communicate.

But he looks away. Because he sees something flash.

'Am I staring at you?'

Steve looks back up and grins a little. "Cocks."

Another flash, but not from his arm, from inside B's eyes. It's relief.

Steve jumps off the desk and walks towards him.

The guy seems suddenly self conscious and tucks hair behind his ear. He looks down and then to the side, trying to pretend there isn't a beautiful boy coming to embrace, welcome, accept him.

This guy's had trouble with acceptance.

He spent four whole months convincing his dad that he didn't know if his soulmate was a boy or girl, although he had known for years.

He also spent about nine years fighting himself between *it's okay to be gay*, and *im not fucking gay*

Steve stops a foot away from the muscular, tan boy, "I'm Steve Harrington." Steve smiles cheekily. "Don't think we've met."

"I'm Billy Hargrove." Billy blinks hard. He can't believe he kept his name a secret for like eighteen years! What kind of douche bag-

"Billy." Steve breathes softly. It feel like a taste of five star restaurant quality soup in a big city in *heaven*.

"Ahm." Billy clears his throat and looks around, settling on a COCK on the chalk board that Steve uncovered. "Shit. Uh, yeah."

"Shut up." Steve says softly.

Billy looks back at Steve. "What did you say?"

"I said." Steve smiles. "Shut."

Steve steps closer.

"The."

Closer.

"Fuck." Steve says, but Billy also says this at the same time, for other reasons - like his soulmate becoming impossibly close.

"Up."

And as impossibly close they get, their lips meet and Steve can taste cigarettes and hope and Billy tastes freedom and warmth.